

Bobcat Took My Ball by Mike Bove 12/06/2016

Tuesday Men's League on hole number two
A magic swing came out of the blue.
I thought Wow this could be a good day
When my tee shot landed in the fairway.

Look, a bobcat, someone said excitedly.
I saw it, a young one walking cautiously
And that wasn't all,
It approached my ball.

A second cat followed behind
To see what the first did find.
It was my ball Cat A was smelling.
Cat B ran when I started yelling.

Because Cat A had my ball in mouth
I yelled in fear my game go south.
Not wanting that lucky ball to go,
For I had hit one good shot in a row.

Both cats went back to from where they came.
I guess stealing golf balls was their game.
We carted up to the scene of the crime,
and looked into the wash for a short time.

No cat or ball to be seen or found,
I dropped another Titleist onto the ground.
One hundred thirty yards left to the green,
A nine-iron's there if I hit it clean.

I did not assess a penalty
Because the foursome did agree.
We saw the robber take the first ball
And at the correct spot the second did fall.

I was confident the decision was right
But searched the rule book into the night.
I emailed my story to the USGA
And waited to hear what they would say.

Just as my search gave me no solution
Their reply gave me no absolution.
So I emailed the USGA again
And this answer came from a guy named Ben.

Ben said since I witnessed the thieving cat
And was certain of the spot the Titleist sat,
A drop with no penalty is the correct ruling,
Unless, of course, you are April fooling.